Rest.

If thou art weary of the world, and leaning
Upon my breast,
My soul will show to thine its hidden meaning,
And thou shalt rest;
When thou art eagerly, but vainly aiming
At some far end,
Thou knowest not thy pining and complaining
Have pierced thy Friend.
My presence is around thee and about thee—
Thou dost not know—
But if thou knewest, thou wouldst ne'er doubt me,
I love thee so.
Thou art a very child, and needest guiding—
Thee I will lead:
Another guide might be too quick in chiding,
Nor know thy need.

Lean on me, child—nor faint beneath thy sighing,
With help so near:
I took upon me all thy grief and dying
To heal thy fear.
When thou art resting in my secret dwelling
Shadowed by me,
Thou shalt not tire of listening—I of telling
My love for thee.
Thine eyes are bent upon each loving token
Sent by my hand;
With these alone thy spirit would be broken
In thy fair land.
Thou art a lover of all things of beauty
In earth and space;
Then, surely, 'twere thy pleasure and thy duty
Their source to trace.

Track the bright river of each much-prized blessing
Back to its source;
See all the blooming growth thy foot is pressing
Along its course.
See, gathered in thy storehouse of sweet dreaming,
Each glowing thought,
Which daylight, starlight, or the moon's sweet gleaming
To thee have brought,
All real beauty which thy heart is greeting—
In this fair earth—
All music which thy charmed ear is meeting,
From me had birth.
But this will be revealed when thou art leaning
Upon my breast,
Thy soul shall comprehend my hidden meaning—
And thou shalt rest.

—*Chamber's Journal.*

Two Pictures.

I.

A maiden, in a garden dreaming
Of fairy prince and halcyon days;
Her head, with sunny tresses gleaming,
Bowed down beneath dim trellised ways.

A row of sunflowers by a paling,
A wicket left upon the latch.
A summer house, with woodbine trailing,
And ivy creeping o'er the thatch.

A footfall on the garden gravel,
A quickening heart, a whispered word;
A youth, burnt brown with foreign travel,
Come back to claim a hope deferred.

O happy, happy time of Love's beginning,
Ere ever we can guess that storms are near!
Sunlight glancing, buds unfolding, thrushes singing,
Golden summer of the Soul and of the year!

II.

A garret in a city byway,
A pale sad woman all alone:
A weary wanderer on Life's highway,
Poor and forsaken and unknown.

What need to knit the little stocking,
Or strive again for daily bread?
Why set an empty cradle rocking?
The nestling has forever fled!

"Yes, both are gone; perchance 'tis better!"
She sighs at length "'Tis better so!"
Then bends to read a tattered letter,
Or turns to watch the falling snow.

Ah, bitter, bitter time of Sorrow's waking,
Ere even we can dream that hope is near!
Snow is falling, flow'rs are fading, hearts are breaking,
Weary winter of the soul and of the year!

—*Violet Fane, in London World.*

CONCERNING PARSONS' WIVES.

BY THE REV. URIAH XERXES BUTTLES.

Not long ago Mrs. Mullet, an old lady who is a shining light in one of the Griggsville churches (thank Heaven it is not my church), said to me, "Mr. Buttles, why is it that parsons' wives are so good-for-nothin'? Look at 'em here in Griggsville. There isn't one on 'em does what she ort to for the cause of Zion. And they all hev the same excuse; no time nor strength."

I ventured to reply that Mrs. Shouttin, the Methodist parson's wife, had twins six months old, that Mrs. Waters, the Baptist parson's wife, had an invalid father-in-law on her hands, and that Mrs. Buttles washed, baked and sewed for a family of eight; and that as each one of these ladies were slender and somewhat feeble the care and service they gave their families were enough, and they ought to be excused from some of the church work and forgiven if they were sometimes sick.

"Excused!" cried Mrs. Mullet. "I think, Mr. Buttles, a parson's wife or to realize the responsibility of her position. If I was sot in a candle-stick on a hill-top I'd shine, and not give a poor smoky light neither. What's housework and sewing to the cause of Zion!"

By this time I felt pretty glumpy, so I said I did not see how Zion could get on without these old-fashioned professions, and then I walked home. I had been deep in a meditation on the plagues of Egypt, but my thoughts were entirely diverted from this interesting subject, and concentrated on the parson's wife and her relation to the parish.

I think the parson, like other men, considers only his own happiness in his marriage. I know that when I courted Mary Jane Bobbs, now Mrs. Buttles, I never once thought whether she could lead a female prayer-meeting, run a sewing society, or make a speech at a missionary meeting. I did once ask mother Bobbs if Mary Jane was a good cook. A clergyman needs food for his brain, and it was therefore natural that I should think of such accomplishments; but I did not think it necessary to inquire if Mary Jane could do a dozen things at the same time, a feat she has often been called upon to perform and found fault with for not doing. I married Mrs. Buttles just after I settled in my first parish, at Betsey's Corners. I thought—alas for the foolish imagination of youth!—now shall I have my Mary Jane all to myself; but I soon found that about seven-eighths of her was claimed by my church.

The evening after our arrival at the Corners, in stalked the widow Bates.

"I hope, Sister Buttles, you realize your position," she began. "It is a very solemn and responsible one. We expect you will be a power in Zion, and not block the wheels of the Lord's chariot."

Mary Jane blushed and stammered, and hoped she would not, and the old lady went on—

"The Sewing Society, for the relief of the inhabitants of Niggerderwigger, will meet to-morrow at Sister Twogood's, and we expect you to be present. Our minister's wife is always present. It is her duty to cut out the work, and to take home and finish the work left at each meeting. There are ten pairs of pants and six waistcoats waiting to be cut."

"I can't cut out such work, and I always did hate sewing!" cried Mary Jane.

I saw the widow's eyes open wide and her mouth shut up tight as a reserved clam, so I said soothingly, "I am delighted at your proposal, Sister Bates. I'll fetch Mary Jane to Mrs. Twogood's myself, and you shall teach her to cut out breeches for the Niggerderwiggers without delay."

The next caller was Mrs. Biddlecome, wife of the Sunday-school Superintendent. "Sister Bates," said she, in a very grum voice—she had bronchitis—"the minister's wife always has charge of the infant class. We expect you to take Mrs. Plunkett's class next Sunday. She was our late pastor's wife, you know. We expect you to enter into this work with all your heart and soul. Sister Bates and myself will always be at hand to advise and correct you."

Before Mrs. Biddlecome left, Mrs. Professor Bangs, wife of Professor Philetus Bangs, once missionary to the Pottiwotimies, appeared. "Now that our minister has a help-meet," said she, "there is some one to take the place of poor Mrs. Plunkett in our circle. I do hope you, Mrs. Buttles, will do better than she did. There's no reason why our circle should not succeed if our minister's wife has any energy."

Then came Mrs. Deacon Bullhead, who was always full of feeling.

"I hope, Sister Buttles, you are spiritually minded," said she, in a thick voice. "I feel there's a great deal depending on you. The old ladies have a prayer-meeting, and we feel we must have you to lead it."

Mrs. Belinda Sicer Secretary of the Grand United Water-workers; Mrs. Tulula Tittlepaw, President of the Society for Culture of the Brain; Mrs. Bushwhack, President of the Society for Providing Canal-men with Scripture Mottoes, and many other ladies, all officers of something, called, and invited Mrs. Buttles to join.

Mary Jane was about 18 when we were married, and had been brought up by indulgent and rather worldly parents. Of self-denial, resignation and humility she knew very little, and she met the demands of the parish with so much spirit and independence she incurred the displeasure of nearly every person of any consequence in it; and, though she yielded to my commands and their demands, and attended about half the meetings at which the minister's wife *always* presided, and spent three-fourths of her time at church work, she could not please the people of the Corners, and I had to find a new charge.

When I was installed in Griggsville Jonathan Edwards was about 18 months, and Isaac Watts, our second son, was, I think, a month old. Nature and theology give women a back seat. The great work of the world is performed by men; but there yet remains much that must be done, and this labor, which is of an anxious and obscure sort, distasteful to men, is very naturally performed by women. So in church work the parson's wife supplements the parson; but when Mary Jane had poor health, and had to take care of two babies and do all of our housework and sewing, I really did not see how she could supplement me, and I did not insist upon it. The Griggsville church, however, made the usual demands upon her, and I should no doubt have been compelled to leave Griggsville long ere this if she had not caught a timely cold by going out in a furious snow-storm to attend a meeting to promote the spread of the gospel in Abyssinia. That cold resulted in a three months' siege of rheumatism which has proved in its way a blessing; for the parish no longer expects her to attend every meeting, and the ladies content themselves by petting me as much as possible and saying spitefully, "What a power dear Mr. Buttles would be if he had a wife worthy of him."

When I bought my first cow, Deacon Budge took me all over the country to look at beasts, white, red, black and brindle, short-horned, and muley, and as we were riding home, the Deacon after a long period of silence, said abruptly, "Mr. Buttles, hev ye any idee, now, what sort of a critter *would* suit ye?"

There are eleven churches in Griggsville, ten of which are Protestant, so I have had considerable opportunity to observe parsons' wives, and I have never seen, as yet, one who quite pleases her husband's parish. One lady dresses too much, one does not dress enough. One is too domestic, one is too officious in church work. One never speaks in meeting, one talks to the exclusion of some of the sisters who are gifted in exhortation. There is always a fly in the ointment. When I hear the criticisms made upon these worthy ladies, whose only sin is that they are parsons' wives, I am sometimes tempted to ask critics, as Deacon Budge did me when I could not find a cow to my mind, "Hev ye any idee what sort of a critter would suit ye?"

As the parish will not let the parson's wife alone, nor allow her the same freedom in the pursuit of liberty and happiness it permits to other women, I think each sect ought to establish training-schools where young women who contemplate marrying parsons can be educated to please the parish. Unprepossessing female orphans could be utilized to advantage by such institutions, and spinsters so inclined could be worked off as third and fourth wives to widowers of the cloth. Ministers' wives who don't suit could be sent to one of these schools for a few months, and return to be the delight of their husbands' flocks.

The single minister, instead of running the gauntlet he now does, and also incurring the dreadful risk of marrying a worldly young miss, could quietly look over the deportment roll of the training-school of his sect, visit the chapel at morning prayer and make his selection, confident that his wife is warranted to suit.

Of all the plans that have occurred to me this appears most feasible. The cost of these schools would be inconsiderable, for the faculties could be made up of deacons, old ladies and spinsters, who would so delight in their work that salary would be to them of secondary consideration. Each church could have a society to raise funds for the necessary expenses, and at least three ladies could hold office. The supply of young women trained could be carefully regulated by the demand, and the peculiar tastes of certain churches could be suited by the special and individual training of select students.

This plan I offer especially to the consideration of my brethren in the ministry, feeling certain that were it carried out it would relieve them of much worry and their wives of much hard work, and that through its means alone will be found that rare bird, that Phœnix among woman, the parson's wife who pleases the parish.—*Christian Union.*

Attempts to Find the Origin of the American Indians.

The origin of the American Indians, who are always a theme of painful interest with us, continues to be variously discussed by anthopologists. Recently a German writer has put forward one theory on the subject, and an English writer has put forward another and directly opposite theory. The difference of opinion concerning our aboriginals among authors who have made a profound study of races is at once curious and interesting. Blumenbach treats them in his classifications as a distinct variety of the human family; but, in the three-fold division of Dr. Latham, they are ranked among the Mongolidæ. Other writers on race regard them as a branch of the great Mongolian family, which at a distant period found its way from Asia to this continent, and remained here for centuries separate from the rest of mankind, passing, meanwhile, through divers phases of barbarism and civilization. Morton, our eminent ethnologist, and his followers, Nott and Gliddon, claim for our native red men an origin as distinct as the flora and fauna of this continent. Prichard, whose views are apt to differ from Morton's, finds reason to believe, on comparing the American tribes together, that they must have formed a separate department of nations from the earliest period in the world. The era of their existence as a distinct and insulated people must probably be dated back to the time which separated into nations the inhabitants of the Old World, and gave to each its individuality and primitive language. Dr. Robert Brown, the latest authority, attributes, in his "Races of Mankind," an Asiatic origin to our aboriginals. He says that the western Indians not only personally resemble their nearest neighbors—the northeastern Asiatics—but they resemble them in language and traditions. The Esquimaux on the American and Tchuktchis on the Asiatic side understand one another perfectly. Modern anthropologists, indeed, are disposed to think that Japan, the Kuriles, and neighboring regions, may be regarded as the original home of the greater part of the native American race. It is also admitted by them that between the tribes scattered from the Arctic sea to Cape Horn there is more uniformity of physical feature than is seen in any other quarter of the globe. The weight of evidence and authority is altogether in favor of the opinion that our so-called Indians are a branch of the Mongolian family, and all additional researches strengthen the opinion. The tribes of both North and South America are unquestionably homogeneous, and, in all likelihood, had their origin in Asia, though they have been altered and modified by thousands of years of total separation from the parent stock.—*New York Times.*

AGRICULTURAL.

EXPERIENCE WITH SORGHUM IN ILLINOIS.—I got some Early Amber seed from the Department of Agriculture at Washington, and planted it on May 14. The weather was so dry that I did not get half a stand. The cultivation was the same as for corn, except that it received some extra dressing with a hoe. It commenced to ripen about the 15th of August and was ripe the 1st of September, when a frost almost ruined it. Then it was cut and piled, and laid there three or four weeks before it was made up. It made good sirup, but this did not granulate well. I made about 700 gallons of sirup for my neighbors. I made theirs before my own, and therefore had better success. Most of it granulated in the coolers when it was made, or soon afterwards. I think that to secure the best success in granulating sirup, it should be kept in a warm place, in open tanks or barrels. I put some in open tanks, and some more of the same kind in tight barrels. That in the barrels granulated pretty well, but that in the tanks did much better, all of it turning to solid mush sugar, with the exception of a little molasses on the top. —*M. A. Colby, Bureau County, Ill., in Rural New Yorker.*

SELECTING DAIRY COWS.—Look first to the great characteristics of a dairy cow—a large stomach, indicated by broad hips, broad and deep loin and sides, a broad or double chine—these indicate a large digestive apparatus, which is the first essential requisite to the manufacture of milk. Secondly, a good constitution, depending largely upon the lungs and heart, which should be well developed, and this is easily determined by examination; but the vigor and tone of the constitution is indicated by the luster of the hair and brightness of the eye and horns, and the whole make-up. Thirdly, having determined her capacity for digesting surplus food for making milk, look carefully to the receptacle for the milk—the udder—and the veins leading to it. The cow may assimilate a large amount of food which goes mostly to lay on flesh and fat; but if she has a long, broad, and deep udder, with large milk veins, it is safe to conclude that her large capacity for digestion and assimilation are active in filling this receptacle. In fact the udder is the first point to look at in a cursory examination of a cow, for Nature is not apt to create in vain. If it reaches to the back line of the thighs, well up behind, reaches well forward, is broad and moderately deep, with teats well apart, and skin soft and elastic, it may be inferred that Nature has provided means for filling it. If the udder be a round cylinder, hanging down in the front of the thighs, like a six-quart pail, the cow can not be a profitable milker, whatever digestive apparatus she may have. A yellow skin and a yellow ear (inside) is almost universally regarded as present in a cow that gives rich yellow milk; but after you find the indications mentioned above, you may admire as many other points as you please—such as a first-class escutcheon, a long, slim tail, a beautifully turned dishing face, a drooping, waxy horn, a small, straight, slim leg, or any other fancy points; but do not look for these till you have found the essentials —*National Live Stock Journal, Chicago.*

"DUNG-HILL FOWLS" FOR PROFIT.—It is noticeable that though so much attention has always been given by poultry raisers to improving the different breeds of fowls, by importations from other countries and by care in selections, that some varieties (as the Leghorns) which never set have been produced, no variety has yet been able to supplant what is commonly known as the "dung-hill" chicken; and few people, except poultry fanciers, who make it a regular business, raise blooded fowls.

A recent writer in *Land and Home* asserted that people who raise fowls solely for profit, would find it to their advantags to raise some pure-blooded variety, because they can be sold at prices that will more than compensate for the extra trouble. Such has not been my experience, nor that of many of my friends. But even if the assertion were correct I doubt if pure-blooded fowls would ever become profitable hens to the practical farmers and others, who raise fowls purely from economical motives, nor take the place of the ordinary "barn-yard" fowl. All the different varieties possess the same good quality to an unusual degree, but are fatally wanting in others. The Leghorns are great layers, but never set; some of the light weights, as the Games, have a very delicate flavor. A person, by keeping several separate flocks, might profit by these different qualities to a certain extent, but with the majority of poultry raisers this would not be practicable. Still another obstacle in the way of raising pure-bred fowls is, that by constantly breeding from the same stock it is apt to "run out," become unhealthy, and otherwise inferior. The term "dung-hill" usually conveys the idea of a fowl that possesses none of the good qualities of blooded stock, and all the poor ones. But in the "dung-hill" to which I refer, it is directly the opposite, the breed being composed of crosses from all the most desirable varieties. This plan I have tried for years, and it has worked admirably. By occasionally buying or exchanging a rooster, or by getting a setting of good eggs now and then, it is easy to introduce any desired breed; by judicious management the weight, size, color, etc., of the whole flock can be changed, with a certainty of having good, hardy birds. It has always been my aim to keep the breed as thoroughly mixed as possible. In short, what I wish to assert is, pure-bred stock never has been, and never will be able to take the place of the "dung-hill" or ordinary barn-yard fowl, which, by proper care in crossing the breeds, can be made a most useful kind of fowl, and, in regard to hardiness, beauty and other desirable qualities, will compare favorably with the best blooded varieties.—*Cor. Land and Home.*

What Our Girls Chew.

We have it upon common report that chewing-gum is a substance well known to the youthful part of the community. The qualities which it possesses at the time that it comes from the confectioner are all familiar to the youngest of us. It certainly seems a very attractive edible. The reason for this is not so hard to find. Think how much eating there is in it in proportion to actual weight and cash value. But there is more in chewing-gum than is dreamed of even in juvenile philosophy. One can easily comprehend the main ingredients of candy, but who, without being told, would suspect that chewing-gum is often only a refined product of petroleum? The time was when the fragrant spruce furnished the most common material for the purpose. But this is no longer the case. The reader familiar with the processes of refining coal oil is aware that the thick, brown liquid which comes from the earth, at one stage of its manufacture, is strained through heavy linen cloths. The residuum left after this operation is a dirty, brownish yellow wax, that smells abominably. That unpromising substance, melted, bleached, deodorized, and prepared for commerce appears in masses that weigh about one hundred pounds, resembling oblong blocks of clouded ice. It has no odor and no taste except what belongs to any wax in its purest state. It may be used for many purposes, but it is not necessary to describe them now. The manufacturer of chewing-gum purchases these blocks ready made to his hand, and at once melts them down. To two hundred pounds of wax he adds about thirty pounds of sugar, and gives the mixture a flavor by the use of some essential oil, as lemon or vanilla, and perhaps adds some coloring matter. The melted mass is poured out upon a clean marble slab, and cut into the various shapes known to mastificators.

The youthful epicure rarely becomes so luxurious as to demand balsam of tolu, but if he does the manufacturer is ready for him. This resin, which is obtained from South America, is at first in an almost fluid condition. It is the product of a tree known as—now hold your jaw, for the name is worse than a whole box of chewing-gum—myraspermum tolulferum. This balsam is boiled by the manufacturer until finally it is brought to such a consistency that it can be run through rollers. It comes out in the shape of a little slender rod of a brownish yellow color, which is cut into pieces, each about two or two and a half inches long. The balsam may sometimes be mixed with a less costly wax, since its flavor is very marked. The balsam from the "chicle" tree, from Central America, is used in making what is known as snapping-gum. It is very ductile when worked and moistened, and the process of making is similar to that of pulling taffy. The original gum exudes from the tree and forms in a mass, sometimes several pounds in weight. Even in this natural state it would be a very satisfactory substance to keep the teeth at work. It can not be worn out.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Women who Support Themselves.

Your readers may recall an account given some months since of two invalid teachers, Misses Austin and Hatch, who had become fruit-growers in Fresno, California. Everywhere in my travels I find ladies who are successful in avocations new to women. Sarah F. Nourse of Moline (Ill.), a noble woman, is a practical florist. In Cambridge (Ill.) is a successful woman photographer. In Davenport, Iowa, Dr. Cleaves is not only a practitioner, but is an efficient member of the Board of Trustees of the State Insane Hospital. The very fine library of that place is greatly due to the bequest of a lady, Mrs. Cook. In Cedar County, Iowa, Miss E. E. Frink as County Superintendent is demonstrating woman's capability to do efficient educational work outside of the schoolroom. In Clarence, Iowa, Mrs. S. L. Williams has a large medical practice. In Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Mrs. Dennis, although the mother of three little ones, is an organizer and teacher of classes in vocal music. Mrs. Dr. Hickock has a large and lucrative medical practice. Although the place has the reputation of not patronizing lectures, Miss Corson recently gave a course upon cooking to nearly 200 ladies. At Marion, Iowa, the Cary Club, a society of women devoted to mental improvement, has outgrown its long clothes, and has a perceptible influence upon the community. Mrs. A. B. Billington, an associate member of the Illinois Social Science Association, is known as a journalist and efficient institute work. Mrs. H. L. J. McClellan is the worthy principal of the largest High School in Illinois.—*Chicago Tribune.*

HERE AND THERE.

MARY ANDERSON refuses an average of three excellent original plays a week, and twice that number of excellent matrimonial offers.

JAMES COLE of New Jersey left $50,000 to the cause of the heathen, in his will, and his own sister, living a mile away, was sick and suffering for the care of a nurse.

Two miles of railroad have been built on the ice, across the St. Lawrence River, at Montreal. The ties and stringers are laid flat, and then water is pumped between them to freeze—thus making a solid bed.

THE Divorce Committee in France has pronounced in favor of divorce for five years desertion, divorce by mutual consent when the wife is turned 45 and has been married above twenty years, and also for giving tribunals the option of appending divorce to a condemnation for fraud, indecency, or other offenses against morality.

THE Towanda (Penn.) *Reporter* says that the Supreme Court of that State has decided that the change of a figure on a note to mark an 8 over the 7 in the date, impairs the validity of it. Either a new note, printed for 188—must be used, or the whole date written before the printed figures on the old blanks.

OSWEGO (N. Y.) people have a cheerful turn of mind. The two doctors who had contracted for the body of Searles, who was hanged, paid the father of the murderer $15 for the body and then took it to their rooms for dissection. They removed the brain of Searles, then billed the town for an anatomical lecture, and had a good audience.

A CHICAGO man was told, when he registered at a Council Bluffs hotel, that his wife was already there. He said there must be a mistake, as he had left her home a few days before, and she had not said any thing about a journey; but the clerk insisted that he knew her, and that she was in the house. The fact was that she had eloped.

ON the last day of November the body of a man who had evidently died a violent death was found in the Siilerthal, Canton Thurgau, Switzerland. It was identified as that of a man named Baumeler, a sawyer by trade, and a native of Lucerne. His kinsfolk put on mourning for him, and the deceased, having been a Roman Catholic, was buried in the cemetery of Bischoffzell by a priest of that persuasion. The evening after the interment, as a number of peasants and neighbors were making merry in the village inn of Bischoffzell, who should walk in but the man who, as all supposed, had been laid quietly under the ground the day before. This apparition excited at first no little dismay, but, when Baumeler ordered a plate of sausages, a loaf of bread, and a litre of lager beer, the fears of the revelers were appeased. Baumeler, who said he had been away on a journey, then heard the story of his death and burial, which seemed greatly to amuse him. It appears that he does not enjoy an altogether spotless reputation, and after his supposed death a journal of the neighborhood made some unpleasant reflections on his character. Baumeler, it is said, intends to proceed against this too-impulsive paper for libel. As for the buried man, no information is as yet forthcoming.

What Constitutes a Pleasing Letter.

First, it should be characteristic, and to be that it must be natural; the best letter-writers are those who write as they speak, only taking care to make their meaning quite clear. Another requisite is the power of impressing upon it the character of one's surroundings; and this is best done, not by lengthy descriptions and laborious "filling in," but by those vivid touches which only the true artist knows how to produce. As to the "form," often has the typical lady of the nineteenth century's letter been made a subject of jest or satire. The dashes and ejaculations, and, above all, the postscripts, have received their full share of criticism. We all know the story of the lady who, having been accused of never sending a letter without a postscript, wrote to her friend for the express purpose of showing him that he was mistaken, and opened the letter to add, "P. S.—You see I can write without a postscript." And yet, most people, if pressed, would own that they feel rather disappointed on reaching the end of the longest letter, if they do not find a little supplementary note. People may laugh at women's letters and their postscripts; nevertheless, it is an acknowledged fact that (except on business matters), as a rule, they give more satisfaction than men's, and, whereas not one man in twenty has time or takes the trouble to write one word more than is absolutely necessary, most well educated ladies can write, and enjoy writing, a long, interesting letter. I have said nothing of the so-called model letter-writers, Mme. de Sevigne, Lord Chesterfield, Cowper, etc., because their epistles are specimens of the old school, and it is in the modern lives and biographies that we must seek models of the postal letter. There is as much difference between the two styles as between "Sir Charles Grandison" and the last new novel. By comparing the best examples of both kinds, it will, I think, be found that, though the art of letter-writing has undoubtedly undergone a great change, it can not be said that it is dying out from among us.—*Cor. Boston Herald.*